

## THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE

(ESTABLISHED 1873)

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

One Dollar per Year,  
 Five Dollars in Advance.  
 Six months, 75 cents. No subscription for a less period received.

**SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.**  
 MONEY and all other business letters, postal money order, or draft on New York, will be at the risk of the sender.

**AGENTS.**—We employ no agents. The National Tribune has many reliable correspondents, and they are generally honest and faithful; but persons who confide their advertisements to them must be their own judges of their responsibility. The paper will be sent only on receipt of the subscription price.

**ADVERTISING.**—Remuneration for advertising is charged as follows: For one square, one insertion, 10 cents; for one square, one month, \$1.00; for one square, three months, \$2.50; for one square, six months, \$4.00; for one square, one year, \$7.00. For longer space, and for other rates, apply to the publisher. The publisher reserves the right to refuse any advertisement, and to change the position of any advertisement without notice.

**ADDRESS.**—The National Tribune is published at Washington, D. C., at No. 200 N. Fourth street, and at the National Tribune Building, Washington, D. C.

**THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE,**  
 Washington, D. C.

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**WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER 15, 1887.**

**ARTICLES FORTHCOMING.**

**IN THE VALLEY.**—The Shenandoah Campaign of 1862. By Gen. Henry Copeland, Fargo, Dak.

**EARLY WAR TIMES.**—An interesting sketch of the Ringgold Light Artillery. By James D. Gay, Philadelphia, Pa.

**THE REGULARS.**—Loyalty of the Bank and File in 1861. By Frank Y. Conner, Chicago, Ill.

**THE RETIRED LIST.**—Interesting facts concerning the retired officers of the Army and Navy. By Frank Y. Conner.

**THE CONFEDERATES IN ARIZONA.**—Operations in the Far West. By J. C. Hall, Wallingford, Conn.

**ACROSS THE PLAINS.**—A Narrative of a Wild Western Trip in 1867. By W. Thornton Parker, late Acting Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., Newport, R. I.

**WADDELL FARM.**—An Account of a Brick Assassination. By Albert G. Brackett, Colonel, 3d U. S. Cav., Fort Davis, Tex.

**ON TO EICHENHORN.**—A Graphic Narrative of Capture and Captivity. By George B. Crawford, Co. G, 1st W. Va., Wellsburg, W. Va.

**VANDEVEER'S BRIGADE.**—Its Gallant Conduct at Chickamauga. By S. P. Zaring, Co. H, 35th Ohio, Germantown, O.

**HAWKINS' ZOUAVES.**—The First Bayonet Charge. By J. H. E. Whitely, Sergeant, Co. E, 9th N. Y., New York City.

**EXTRA COPIES.**  
 Any comrade who receives an extra copy of this week's issue of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE will please hand it to some veteran of his acquaintance who is not a subscriber to the paper, but who should take it. We would also like that he point out the paper's good points to his comrade, and urge him to subscribe for it.

**OUR HEADQUARTERS.**  
 THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE Headquarters at St. Louis will be at the Southern Hotel, where all comrades are invited to call.

If any man hangs out a partisan banner, bounce him on the spot.

"On to St. Louis" is the watchword of the day.

What a grand occasion it will be when 100,000 comrades are camped on the banks of the Mississippi on the night of Sept. 27.

**SUBSCRIBE NOW.**  
 The coming issues of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE will contain full reports of the proceedings of the National Encampment, which, in many respects, will be the most important session of that body ever held. Our reports will be the best and fullest that will appear in any paper, and in order to get them all, comrades who are not subscribers should send in their names at once.

**Dickens's Works.**  
 Fifteen Cloth-Bound Books for \$6.

We have come in possession of a number of complete sets of the works of Charles Dickens—the greatest of modern novelists—which we will offer to subscribers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE very cheap. These contain the following novels and sketches complete and unabridged:

Pickwick Papers, Oliver Twist, Uncommercial Traveller, David Copperfield, Great Expectations, Pictures from Italy, American Notes, Dombey and Son, Barnaby Rudge, Edwin Drood, Nicholas Nickleby, Old Curiosity Shop, Miscellaneous Pieces.

These volumes each contain about 800 pages of large, clear print, with illustrations by noted artists. They are a library in themselves. They are strongly bound in cloth and contained in a most beautiful box, and will be sent by express to any subscriber on receipt of \$6—the price to pay express charges. These will make a handsome holiday present to any boy or girl. It is much the best cheap edition of Dickens to be obtained anywhere.

Headquarters of the General Executive Committee.

Special Dispatch to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

MADISON, Wis., Sept. 11.—The Headquarters of the General Executive Committee of the National Encampment at St. Louis will be removed from the Laurel Hotel to No. 200 N. Fourth street, and facilities for writing letters and mailing papers will be afforded at all comrades during the encampment week.—E. D. GRAY.

## THE SERVICE PENSION BILL.

In spite of vehement assertions to the contrary, THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is not hostile to service pensions. We do not believe that the Government is likely to or can possibly be too generous to the men who sacrificed themselves to save it from the worst of misfortunes. If it distributed every dollar of the enormous accumulation of money now in the Treasury among the survivors of the war and their dependent ones, and followed up this by an annual distribution of its surplus income among the same parties, it would not be doing too much for those to whom it owes everything. Instead of \$8 a month, we wish that it would pay \$25 a month, or even more than that. Eight dollars a month is of small consequence to a healthy, robust man, capable of doing a fair day's work, while it is pitifully inadequate to keep the wolf from the door of a broken-down veteran and his needy family.

With us it is wholly a question of expediency. We want everything for the soldiers that the people can be induced to give them. The sole consideration is as to what is best to ask first, and how to ask it. We cannot get everything at once—we must try for a few things at a time. Shall we begin by asking for a uniform pension of \$8 a month for every man who served in the army—three months, six months, nine months, one year, two years or four years—able-bodied or disabled, sick or well—rich or poor? Or shall we begin by asking that the broken-down and needy shall be taken out of or kept from going to the poorhouses; that all the men who are totally disabled from wounds or diseases shall get \$12 a month, while those who do not need it can wait awhile, and that the more than 200,000 claims pending may first be allowed, with the arrears, to which they are entitled, and the bounties equalized?

The latter course will commend itself to every thinking man as infinitely the wiser. We have seen with what difficulty the people at large have been brought to admit that every totally disabled soldier shall be allowed \$12 a month. The opposition to this measure of simple decency and justice is still active and virulent. We shall have to fight it every step of the way through Congress against all the forces that the money-power and the soldier-haters can array against it. How much show, then, would there be now for a measure which proposes to pension every ex-soldier, whether he needs it or not? It is hopeless to expect even patient hearing by this Congress—whatever future ones may do—of such a proposition.

We ask the most enthusiastic supporter of the eight-dollar plan if he has the slightest idea that the present Congress will seriously consider that measure. He cannot answer yes. It is not, therefore, vastly better that all those who favor service pensions should now join their strength with those of their comrades in supporting the Dependent Pension Bill, which can and will be passed this Winter, and which will bring immediate relief to those who are perishing for the want of it? Is it not best that the able-bodied and well-off shall not attempt to crowd in before the disabled and destitute? We can get the disabled and destitute put on the pension-roll this Winter if we all work together. There is no telling when a service-pension bill can be got through and signed by the President, no matter how many work for it.

If it did pass now it would be a death-blow to all future gradation of pensions according to disability—the broken-down veteran would not get a cent more than the lusty, able-bodied man who has money in bank. It would be equally fatal to all hopes of arrangements of pensions, equalization of bounties, special allowances to prisoners of war, etc. Everything would sink to the level of \$8 a month and stay there. But if we adopt the recommendations of the G. A. R. Pension Committee now we promote the chances of all other pension measures by reducing the probable expense of such measures. It is therefore shrewd policy as well as decent humanity for the advocate of a service pension to aid in carrying out the recommendations of the National G. A. R. Pension Committee. The more that can be put on the pension-rolls by it the fewer there will be to receive a service pension, the less the cost of such a measure, and the more favorably will the people at large regard it.

Therefore we urge, with all the intensity that words can convey, the cordial assistance of every service-pension advocate for this beneficent measure, because every bill passed is a step in the direction the service-pension advocates want to go.

Is it not wise to follow in this respect the lead of such well-tried friends of the veterans as Gen. Merrill, Corp'l Tanner, Drummer-Boy Kountz, brave Serg't John C. Linehan, Maj.-Gen. H. W. Slocum—the brilliant Commander of the Twelfth Corps—Gen. Burdett and Commander-in-Chief Fairchild?

**SUBSCRIBE FOR THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.**

As good service can be done for the veterans as to get new subscribers for THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. The paper, with its grand consistency of more than 600,000 readers every week, is to-day the most powerful friend that the soldiers of the country have. It has done more in the past than any other one thing to secure the soldiers their rights, and it will be still more efficient in the future. Every new subscriber to the paper adds to its influence in advocating the cause of the veterans, and helps them all, and it is in this sense a fraternal duty to do whatever possible to aid in extending its circulation.

Every comrade can send in at least one new subscriber.

## RALLY ON ST. LOUIS.

Tens of thousands of comrades do not need any urging to go to St. Louis. They fully determined to do this weeks ago. They have arranged their business, engaged their quarters, formed their parties, brushed up their G. A. R. suits, and are only waiting the tickets to be placed on sale, to secure their transportation. They are going, and no minor obstacle will be allowed to stand in the way of their doing so.

We need say nothing to them. We address ourselves to those who are standing irresolute—who are calculating expenses, debating whether St. Louis is just the place for holding the National Encampment, and considering whether, taking all things into consideration, it will be really profitable and pleasant to attend the Encampment.

To these we say emphatically, "Go if you have the money and the time. You cannot make better use of either than by devoting a week to a fraternal Reunion with your old comrades. It will be money and time as well spent as ever you spent either. You will have your cares lightened, your spirits raised, your health improved, your heart strengthened by association with the grand fellows who helped you save the country, and who rejoice in the glorious work that you and they did. You will come back 10 years younger than you went, and with a new supply of hope and strength for your business. You will have more faith in yourself and those around you. You will live longer and prosper better because of your going."

To say that there is going to be a grand time in St. Louis does not express it. It is going to be the grandest time that the soldiers of this country have known since peace was declared, and "Johnny Cake Marching Home" garlanded with victory. The attendance is going to be immense—the enthusiasm boundless. Great as the concourse will be St. Louis, with her palatial hotels and countless minor places of entertainment, can make every one comfortable without the slightest strain. Where a half-million people live 100,000 visitors can be taken care of to the satisfaction of all.

Again we say: "Put all doubts and hesitations aside, and go to St. Louis. You will never regret it, but on the contrary will look back upon the occasion as one of the most pleasurable and beneficial events in your life—one which you would not have missed for tenfold all that it cost you in money, time and effort."

## "POLITICS IN THE G. A. R."

The comrade who allows himself to be carried away by any of this clamor by outside politicians against the G. A. R. is weak indeed. If he have any common-sense at all, he must know that it is all falsehood—all partisan malignity. He knows as well as he knows anything that there is no thought of politics in the Post room, or the Reunion, or the Encampment. The only question there is as to how good a soldier a man has been, and how good a comrade he now is. There never has been a time in the history of the Order when politics was buried so far out of sight under a tide of warm, strong and constantly strengthening comradeship as now. The comrades may be ardent adherents of some political creed, but they are still more ardent believers that comradeship overrides everything else. They may be quite firm in their belief that Republican ideas should prevail in the Government, or Democratic ideas, or Henry George ideas, or Prohibition ideas, but they are still firmer in their belief that superior to any or all of these are the ideas for which they once fought and endured, and made all manner of sacrifices.

They may be fond of certain partisan leaders—of men who represent their political principles—of men who have struggled with them for the success of those principles; but they are still fonder of the men who led them to battle; who stood shoulder to shoulder with them in the awful shock of conflict; who marched with them through the storm and the mud; whose muskets joined theirs in shooting the life out of treason and rebellion; who starred and suffered with them in Andersonville. They do not recognize that there is any necessity for conflict between their comradeship and their political affiliations—between their affection for their comrades and their liking for their political leader and associates. If there should be, however, there is no question as to which shall be sacrificed. It will be the political tie every time.

But there is no need of this. No party has arrayed itself against the veterans. On the contrary, all the parties have repeatedly proclaimed their warm friendship for the veterans, their admiration for their heroic and invaluable services to the Nation. So far as mere words can go, there has been nothing more to be desired from any party. If speeches on the stump, declarations by eager office-seekers, and resolutions in conventions could have taken disabled soldiers from the poorhouses and relieved the wants of veterans' widows and orphans, the saviors of the Union and their dependent ones would have been generously provided for.

It must be freely conceded, too, that a large portion of the politicians and place-seekers of all parties show a genuine desire where they are elected to make good the promises of their parties and themselves to the veterans. The votes and public acts of much the greater part of all the men who have been elected to office in the Northern States have been consistently in favor of carrying out their party's pledges and promises to do substantial justice to the soldiers.

The comrades have no quarrel with any party. Their complaints are all against certain members of different parties who, having been elected to offices on platforms which advocated justice to veterans and their dependent ones, have gone back on those pledges and thwarted measures of relief and other proper legislation.

## GEN. GRIER'S STAFF.

Does any one doubt that the Grand Army will be in the home of its friends at St. Louis? If any such doubt does exist a glance over the staff selected by the Grand Marshal for the big parade during Encampment week should dispel all uncertainty. From the resident veterans of St. Louis Gen. D. P. Grier, the Grand Marshal, has selected 14 Assistant Marshals and 72 Aids. The list shows many names that the records of the war put high up on the country's roll of honor, and the staff of Gen. Grier will by itself make a brilliant cavalcade of distinguished soldiers. And they are the representative men of St. Louis, recognized as such by the people of the city, who have set the seal of their recognition by placing many of them in honorable and responsible civic positions. Gen. Grier, himself a Brigadier commanding a division at the close of the war, has been elected First Vice-President of the Merchants' Exchange of St. Louis, which has a larger membership than any similar body in the United States. He was one of the General officers under Gen. A. J. Smith when that noble old veteran rescued the Banks River Expedition.

Every soldier who saw service in the armies of the West will recognize with pleasure and pride the fitness of the selection Gen. Grier has made of Gen. A. J. Smith for his Chief of Staff. His old Commander of the 2d Dragoons in 1858, but the men who followed his victorious lead in the Sixteenth Corps will find him vigorous and well-preserved still. He is now, and has been for many years, the City Auditor of St. Louis.

Another veteran officer of distinction who is to be one of the Assistant Marshals is Gen. John W. Turner, Street Commissioner of St. Louis. Gen. Turner graduated from West Point in 1855, and 10 years later carried the double stars of a Major-General on his shoulder-straps. Among the Assistant Marshals are also Ex-Gov. Thos. C. Fletcher, who held the Executive Chair of Missouri at the close of the war and had previously been in active service in the field; Col. D. P. Dyer, for years recognized as one of the leading citizens of the State and once the candidate of the Republican party for Governor, with many other gentlemen who have honorable reputations and name all over the country. Space will not admit of more detailed review, but the list of Gen. Grier's staff will be found by all who care to read the names eminently worthy of what is going to be the greatest parade the G. A. R. has ever made.

## PURE JEALOUSY.

The animus of many of the papers which attack THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is pure jealousy. They envy the wonderful circulation which the paper has attained and the affection its subscribers have for it. They hate it because 20 people read it to where one reads what they say. They cannot restrain their bitterness because it is so much more successful than they are.

So far as their spleen attacks are concerned, we care absolutely nothing for them. We invite the closest scrutiny of every act of the paper. We court the sharpest criticism of every issue of the paper that they have put out or may put out. We challenge any man to point out a word or a line that was not inspired by the purest, most unselfish devotion to the best interests of the veterans. We challenge any man to show another paper in the country which has done one-hundredth part as much for the soldiers as THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE has.

## THE EXPENSE.

To a great majority of the comrades the expense of a visit to St. Louis has been made quite moderate. A radius of 250 miles from the city will take in between 100,000 and 200,000 of them. For these the railroad fare will not exceed \$5. If they care to, they can make another \$5 bill pay all their expenses while in the city. Substantial meals and comfortable beds—good enough for anybody—can be had very reasonable. If a man wants to live on \$1 or less a day he can do it, and have just as much pleasure as those who spend 20 times as much. The display, the parade, the Reunions, the Encampment, the wonderful illuminations, and all the show and pageantry of the occasion will be of just as much interest and enjoyment to the comrade who is spending \$1 a day as to the one who is spending \$20. He will hear just as much, see just as much, be just as welcome, and have just as much share in everything.

## WORK OF THE PENSION OFFICE.

The total number of applications received during the week ending Sept. 10 were 3,871, of which 724 were original invalid; 351 widows; 8 war of 1812; 10 bounty land; 21 navy; 198 claims on account of Mexican service, and 2,559 applications for increase. The total receipts of mail matter were \$2,111 pieces. There were 27,349 letters and circulars sent out.

The Army and Navy Survivors' Division furnished for the use of claimants the names and postoffice addresses of 3,352 officers and comrades.

Report of certificates issued during week ending Sept. 10, 1887: Original, 429; increase, 439; reissue, 136; restoration, 39; duplicate, 1; accrued, 49; arrears, 0; Act of March 3, 1885, 0; Order of April 3, 1884, 3; Act of March 3, 1885, 0; Order Oct. 7, 1885, 6; Act of Aug. 4, 1886, 1; Supplemental Act Aug. 4, 1886, 4; Mexican war, 116; total, 1,224. Reissue same date, 0.

THE Nebraska comrades will urge Gen. Chas. F. Manderson for Commander-in-Chief.

## WHO THEY ARE.

There has never been the slightest foundation of truth for all this clamor that has been raised about "politics in the G. A. R.," "insulting the President," "rekindling the flames of sectional hate," etc. It has been falsehood and slander from first to last, and none knew this better than the men who were uttering it. No one connected with the Order has made the least effort to give it a partisan aspect, but the reverse. Those inside the Order have been resolute in their determination that it should not be perverted to the partisan purposes of any man or set of men. It is positively childish to scream out "politics," and "insulting the President," when a body of men comes to express their disapproval of that official's public acts affecting themselves and those connected with them. We might as well have a Russian despotism, first as well as last, if no one is to be allowed to criticize a public official's acts.

We are told that there is something awfully heinous in declining to pass under a partisan banner flung across the street. Some rabid editors would make us believe that this was something worse than any act of treason in the rebel conspiracy to destroy the Nation—worse even than starving prisoners in Andersonville. This is also a new idea to free-born Americans, and not a pleasant one. Everybody in Wheeling knew that the flag was hung out in that particular place, and with its particular inscription, as a taunt to the G. A. R. and a defiance to the Nation. The man who hung it out had proclaimed his intention by doing so to nag and irritate the G. A. R. Why should any member of a purely non-partisan organization march under a purely partisan banner insolently thrown out over him? We should certainly approve of the comrades resenting having a Blaine banner, or a Sherman banner, or a Hill banner thrust in their faces when on parade, and should expect that, without respect to political affiliations, they should show their disapproval of the act by refusing to march under the flag.

The men who are making all this row are men who hate the G. A. R. for one reason or another, and try to force opportunities to cast reproach upon it and injure it in the estimation of the public. They are made up first, of men who did not go into the army themselves, and are envious of the honors paid those who did; second, of disgruntled politicians who have been unable to use the G. A. R. for their selfish purposes; third, of men who hate the cause for which the comrades fought; fourth, of men who are opposed to pensions, and who are eager to break the G. A. R. down in order to defeat all further pension legislation. These last are making the most noise now, for they control most newspapers. Such papers as the New York Times, Evening Post, Boston Herald, Philadelphia Times, Louisville Courier-Journal feel that their only chance now of defeating the Dependent Pension Bill or any legislation of that kind is to foment dissensions in the G. A. R., to slander and malign its leaders and spokesmen, and to misrepresent its every act.

The people of Georgia are agitating the building of a home for the disabled rebel soldiers of the State. Several influential papers are supporting the project, and it will probably succeed. Undoubtedly these poor men ought to be comfortably provided for. They were deluded by Jeff Davis and his traitorous accomplices into making war upon the Government, and they fought long and hard for what they in their ignorance believed to be right. As substantially the whole body of the people of the State aided, abetted and sympathized with the cause for which they fought, they are in honor bound to protect the men who fought their battles for them against the want which has resulted from the strains and hardships of service in the field. If the expense of supporting these poor men in their old age could fall upon the slaveholders and politicians for whom they fought, nothing could be too sumptuous for them. They ought to be boarded at the best hotel to be found in the State, and have every want anticipated by obsequious servants. But it will have to be borne by a mass of people who were as badly deluded by the demagogues as the soldiers were, and by Northern people who have gone down to Georgia to develop the State.

## ACCOUNTS OF REUNIONS.

Owing to the demand which the National Encampment has been making on our space for some weeks, we have not been able to give as much space as was desired to reports of Reunions. Many of these are already in type, and will appear in next week's paper. We want a good report of every Reunion that takes place in the United States, and comrades sending them in can rest assured that they will be thankfully received, and be published in time.

The outcry raised against pension attorneys is, in fact, against pensions. It is the client, and not the attorney, who is really the target aimed at. There are thousands of attorneys who practice before the Pension Bureau, and complete harmony obtains between them and Gen. Black, the Commissioner. Indeed the unprecedented success of Gen. Black's administration is due in no small degree to the active co-operation and competence of the attorneys who represent the claimants.

The G. A. R. in St. Louis is not suffering any from this excitement. Hassendeubel Post, of that city, mustered in 41 recruits last week, while the applications of as many more are before the Post for consideration.

No amount of education can turn a woman from certain inherently feminine things. For instance, Kate Kane, the noted female lawyer of Chicago, was arrested the other day for assaulting another woman with a broomstick.

## WHEN YOUR FATHER WENT TO WAR.

BY JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS, BARNES, ILL.

I.  
 When your father went to war, Jennie, you were but a child,  
 A romping little rowdy, running riotous and wild  
 In the maple-shaded pasture, where our cottage used to stand,  
 And we owned a timbered forty of the richest river land—  
 Yes, owned it—every inch of it—by labor's hard decree,  
 And none, we thought, in all the world were happier than we,  
 Our cattle browsed the Summer hills, amid the blue-grass deep,  
 And all the shady bottom-lands were snowy with our sheep;  
 'Twas like a tale of fairy lore, the life that we lived then,  
 When I was barely twenty-six, and you were only ten;

Love brought us peace and comfort, till there rose an evil star,  
 In the Summer-time of plenty, when your father went to war.

II.  
 Ah, Jennie, I remember well the day,—'twas late in June,  
 Your father he came riding home from town one evening;  
 And his face was pale and haggard as he reached the door, and threw  
 One arm around me, daughter, while he laid one hand on you;  
 And my senses faltered, and I reeled in his embrace,  
 I read the fearful meaning that was written in his face—  
 I felt it in the bounding blood that beat against my heart,  
 I needed not a spoken word,—too well I knew the rest;

And all that night in dreams I heard the tramp of marching feet,  
 And far away I saw the flags grow dimmer down the street;  
 'Twas long ago! but O, my heart has not outgrown the scar  
 God's finger put upon it, when your father went to war.

III.  
 Then you and I were left alone. We tried a year or so,  
 By hiring help, to scrimp along, but couldn't make it go;  
 The Spring-floods swept away the corn, the drought of Summer dried  
 The grasses on the uplands, and we had no crops beside;  
 So we parted with the cattle that we could no longer keep,  
 We sold the only team we had, and traded off the sheep;

And when the winds of Autumn shook the pipes about the eaves,  
 And in the woodland hollows piled the brown October leaves,  
 When the hazel-bushes were ripening in the old familiar copse,  
 And the wild geese wedging southward, far above the maple-tops,  
 We looked the dear old farm-house up, and closed the pasture-barn doors,  
 And moved into the village, when your father went to war.

IV.  
 Then Winter came—a dreary time—a night of hopes and fears,  
 On every hand the widows wept, and fell the mother's tears;  
 A reign of blood and ruin! Every day some passing train  
 Brought back a load of mangled men,—brought back the coffin-lid;  
 And Jennie, O, my Jennie, ere the snows of Winter passed,  
 They bore your father back to us,—they brought him home at last;

They sent him from the frozen hills, beside the mother's tears—  
 Borne down amidst the battle, where the bravest loved to be;  
 They sent him back a ruined man for life, alas, my child!  
 I turned away in agony, I raved as one grown wild,  
 But why recall the story now? The years have drifted far,  
 And we've got used to trouble, since your father went to war.

V.  
 The times have changed, we too, have changed,  
 To-night the blue and gray  
 Sit round their fires, with lighted pipes, and puff their hazy away—  
 Sit spinning yarns about their camps, until the dreary stars  
 Put out their light and wave "good night" across the twilight bars.

Although my heart be broken, and although my hair be white,  
 Although the years have brought me but disaster in their flight,  
 I am wicked in my weakness, I am cruel to complain,  
 When yonder patient sufferer sits smiling at his pain;  
 Sit crooning in the Autumn moon the ballads made to praise  
 The leader of his daring in the old heroic days—  
 Sit dreaming, Jennie, dreaming, of the battlefields of yore,  
 The glory of the ages, since your father went to war.

VI.  
 A little while—it won't be long, until the sol fers come  
 And bear away their comrades to the dead-march of a drum,  
 To the green hills over yonder, where eternal tents are spread,  
 And no pension bills are vetoed, in the domains of the dead,  
 Where justice is no jester, and where glory counter-signs  
 The muster-rolls of freedom as the century declines;

Yes, child, to that Republic where no partisan is found,  
 Where the private is promoted and the potentate disrowned,  
 Our loved one now is journeying; and as for you and me  
 It matters not,—the potterdill of our heritage may be  
 The future frowns and threatens, but thank God I cannot mar  
 The glory that we garnered when your father went to war.

VII.  
 A "SMART ALECK."  
 It is comical sometimes to see what an idiot a fellow can be when he thinks he is doing something particularly smart. In fact, it is usually the case when a man thinks he is doing a stunningly smart thing he is making a triple-plated ass of himself. For example, there is a man somewhere in Wisconsin, and we think he is a postmaster, who does not like the course of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. He is not necessarily a fool on this account. There are lots of people who do not like THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. This does not indicate lack of sense so much as bad taste. This particular "smart Aleck" in Wisconsin is struck by a bright idea as to how to make his dislike most effective. He gets a lot of postal cards, and writes upon them a denunciation of the course of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. He dates them all at different post-offices, signs them with different names, and directs them to us. Being a postmaster he can get them into the mails without an office stamp to show that they were all mailed at the same place, and he merely defaces the stamps with the dash of the pen across them. "Now," he chuckles to himself, "these fellows will think there is a perfect tornado of sense so much as bad taste. And we shall reflect honor on the G. A. R. by so doing."—PRIVATE DALZELL, Caldwell, O.

ALL persons wishing to engage in the canvass of this thrilling book will find it to their advantage to address THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE for terms, etc. It is one of the best-selling books of the times, and those already engaged in its sale will be greatly gratified at the untold number of new subscribers who are being secured during the war. We send the book as a premium for eight new subscribers, or for \$5 in conjunction with a year's subscription to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

**FAGOTS FROM THE CAMPFIRE.**  
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 We have a carefully-prepared table of pension rates compiled from official sources, which shows the exact ratings for every grade of disability. It is printed on heavy paper, and will be sent to any address on receipt of 15 cents.

## PERSONAL.

Comrade Charles E. Cook, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, is coming among the thousands of soldiers in the arm that was injured by a fall last Spring. Miss Catherine Miller has presented to Capt. Donaldson, Superintendent of Antietam National Cemetery, the sword worn by her father, the late Col. John Miller, of Maryland, M.D., during the war of 1812, in order that it might be placed in the museum of relics. Col. Robert G. Ingersoll has been having a very pleasant sojourn at Saratoga. He is an enthusiastic lover of horse-racing and was a regular attendant at the Saratoga course up to the last day of the meeting. Somebody recently asked him to spend the morning at the lake. "Can't do it," he replied, "Must go to the races, where I shall endeavor to win enough to pay my board bill. If I have had luck to-day and to-morrow, the last day of the races, I fear I shall have to remain in Saratoga all Winter." It may be remarked that the races are over and Col. Ingersoll is still in Saratoga.

The Republic of Texas County, O., have three good soldiers on their County ticket. John P. Bronson, for County Clerk, enlisted at the age of 16 in the 11th Ohio. He was shot through both legs below the knees, losing the right by amputation above the knee, and the left by amputation below the knee. He was also severely wounded in the head, and was a regular attendant at the Police Court of Toledo. Warren W. Cook, nominated for County Commissioner